

Now I See

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Summary: Jack finally sees. A look into Sharon and Jack, from Jack's perspective. A little Shandy at the end.

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**\*\*Fandom: Major Crimes\*\***

**\*\*Rating: T\*\***

**\*\*Pairing: Sharon and Jack (Do they have a ship name?), reference to Shandy.\*\***

**\*\*Summary: Jack finally sees.\*\***

**\*\*Author's Note: This is my first Major Crimes fic. I love to hate Jack and his asshole behaviour. I also adore Shandy so this was born. I guess this is always my interpretation of Sharon and Jack's marriage and past. I hope you like it.\*\***

-MAJOR-

She was the first girl I loved. It comes as no surprise that in High school I was a player, a ladies man, the popular guy. She was different, with other girls I smiled they smiled and it led to messy encounters in the back of my car, with her we talked actually conversation and I learnt a lot from her. Her humour consisted mainly of sarcasm but I liked that in her.

When I became unavailable, girls were brutal to her, she took all in her stride and her wit pushed them all away. My friends thought she wasn't right, I had lost my charm, which was really just the petty title of 'Most sexually active'. It wasn't a great loss because I had an actual relationship with someone.

When we graduated things changed, we became broke. We were free and couldn't rely on our parents, as much. We rented a tiny apartment and talked right into the night we decided to help each other and work as a team. I'd go to law school while she worked and got some money together then we'd switch, thus both of us getting what we wanted. How I wish that had workedâ€¦

In retrospect it was the best thing for us really. I see that I was an asshole, Jackass as it were, I didn't have a very good relationship with work and while I wanted to be lawyer, the drive dwindled when I realised just how many hurdles were in my way. In my second year things took a massive nose dive. She got pregnantâ€¦and that meant marriage was now a must.

We, she, had managed to get a decent amount of savings from working as an LAPD cop, I can't lie about how proud I was of her. Anyway this pregnancy really threw a spanner in the works, she wouldn't be able to work as much thus money would be tighter and with a wedding to rush through before anybody realised her condition.

Thankfully it worked out. She came home one night and saw I was drinking she scoffed took the bottle and told me to get a grip, we'd have a baby in 8 months or so, the next month we were married in church with just a select group of friends and family. She looked beautiful, a white gown that her sister, Lara, had found in a thrift store and with a bit of help had turned it into the most wonderful gown ever.

8 months later we were blessed with a daughter, her eyes didn't have a definite colour when she was born but as she grew they became the image of her great grandmothers, we called her Emily. Now we were a family, a unit and most importantly a team. I saw that what I had was special so I took a break from the social aspects of life and let my wife have a little life. She worked harder than I and deserved to live a little. My first night alone with Emily couldn't have gone any worse. Our little girl cried from the moment her mom left to the time she returned, nothing I did calmed her, feeding, reading, singing, bouncing, rocking, walking, driving she was so torn. I hated feeling so useless. When my wife returned Emily calmed in her arms.

She was never much of a social drinker, the designated driver or 'mom' friend, she preferred a glass of wine after a tough day.

We continued our little plan and she started climbing up the ranks of the police while I started a reputation as an excellent lawyer. When our son came along, I didn't doubt our little team, but I was wrong. She became distant, took on more work. I know now that she couldn't help it, post-natal depression is something a person chooses, but at the time I saw her becoming selfish, I drank more and she worked more, always making it home to tuck the children in though, the children didn't take any notice, they were too young and for that I am very thankful.

When Emily was five we, sheâ€¦I ruined everything. I had a colleague, Angela, who I got on well with she was beautiful, blonde, but not stupid or naïve. We were celebrating and got a little too drunk, so much so we continued to celebrate at her house. When I returned in the morning my wife ran into me, panicked, wild with it, whispering how glad she was that I was ok, I guess with what her job had opened

her eyes to her imagination was more vivid and brutal. She ran down the corridor returning with Emily and Ricky who showered me. The guilt was too much. I took a bottle of Jack Daniels out when they left for work, Kindergarten and school. Months past and my guilt ate at me so I continued to drink, often going to bars and returning at god knows what time. She was always there, in the dark on the couch waiting for my return each time getting angrier and more worried, yet she never raised her voice.

With drink came paranoia, in her job she had many male colleagues, I got unnecessarily jealous. I embarrassed her so much she just didn't tell me about functions any more. I'd find out and sometimes I'd go but others times I wouldn't. The last time I went I saw her laughing with three men and one women. She was wearing a navy blue dress, it made her legs go on for miles, one of them wrapped their arm around her kissing her cheek, she didn't even brush him off.

After that night we argued more I confronted her about that party she confronted me about the drink. I stormed out, finding Angela not long after. That night I cheated on my wife for the second time and betrayed everything I had proved to her. The night she found out was when Emily came home from ballet class. I was watching something, she heading to the kitchen.

"Daddy, what did you go and see at the theatre?" Emily had asked.

"What?"

"You were at the theatre with someone, she had blonde hair. She was almost as pretty as mommy" she said with the most innocent look on her face. In corner of my eye I saw my wife flinch, her expression change.

"Emily, sweetheart. Didn't your teacher say you had to practice, go now before you forget?" She smiled at our daughter, we both heard the door shut and she turned to me. The look in her eye so distinct I'll never forget it, not only did it speak of anger but also betrayal, a deep betrayal. "I hope for your sake you aren't here in the morning" she had simply said and carried on making dinner as if nothing had happened but I could tell she was bubbling beneath her calm façade.

I did leave. We didn't speak. We didn't call. Angela and I came to an agreement, so about 2 months after I had left, been kicked out, of my home we went to a dodgers game. Maybe a part of me had hoped to see my family but then again you have to be careful what you wish for. My wife and children were there with a group of police officers, her colleagues, they were laughing and chattering. She looked to her side and our eyes locked, they grew wide when she saw Angela walk towards me, hooking an arm through mine. The next morning separation papers were at my office.

Over the next 20 or so years I saw them a handful of times. A dodger's game, a ballet recital, a graphics fair little things that I'd try to make. They always rejected me, my familiar friend guilt appeared and in Las Vegas I found a new obsession, gambling. My money didn't last so I accessed my still valid account with my wife. Over the years it went down to the bare minimum, I never had a second thought about how my young family was dealing with the lack of money

but a visit to see Emily's ballet recital, she was 10 and played Swan Lake, I found out. My mother-in-law couldn't believe what I had done. She refused to let me in. I was drunk and didn't understand so I shouted and embarrassed everyone, so much so Emily froze on stage tears silently flowing down her cheeks smudging her makeup. She fled off stage. I caught a glimpse of my wife before security took me out.

-MAJOR-

Standing here now, outside Serve, I can see how happy Sharon is. She is laughing, and was dancing earlier, she is with her friends, her family. I can see how Andy treats her, with no fear, with complete dedication to her and most of all love. I had planned to go in for a drink but nowâ€¦I can't face her.

Sharon is happier now that I am out of her life. Maybe if I get help I can mend my relationship with our kids. It just takes some perseverance which I never really had. Now I see, now I understand, Sharon doesn't need me, never did, never will, but I am glad of the time I got to share with her because as Rusty said I won the jackpot and let it go.

-MAJOR-

**\*\*Author's Note:** How was that? I have some Shandy centric fics lined and I hope to share those before Study leave at the end of April. Please leave a review as I always read them and try to reply as well.\*\*

**\*\*That-Geek\*\***

End  
file.